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Mince Pie Dream

And Other Verses

by Emily·D·Elton

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A MINCE PIE DREAM

B.M.M.

A MINCE PIE DREAM

A book of Children's Verse By Emily D. Elton with pictures by Blanche McManus

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A MINCE-PIE DREAM

ONE day I bought a large mince pie,
"Fresh and good," the baker said;
Frank and I, we ate it all,
That night before we went to bed.

I slept and dreamed the queerest dream—
I was under the midnight sky,
Riding a horse with the speed of the wind,
And it climbed the mountain high.

We reached the top where the sky bent down
And seemed to touch the mountain's brow,
We went right through to the other side,
And couldn't see why or how.

Up and up we climbed to the dome
Of the sky on the other side,
I gasped and tried to speak to my steed
Ere we took the downward ride.

The man in the moon caught the bridle rein
Of my plunging steed, and then
I backward fell and downward rolled
Till I fell to the earth again.

As I rolled on, the friction wore
My head and limbs away,
I was round as my marbles are,
Or the ball I use in play.

I bounded on from cliff to cliff,
Now going fast, now slow;
At last I struck the dear old home
Down in the vale below.

But what a shock! The roof fell in,
We all were crushed and dead,
And I woke up and found that I
Had fallen out of bed.

My leg was broken, and Frank was ill,
The doctor feared he would die,
And all this misery and expense
Came out of a big mince pie!

"WHAT ARE WITCHES?"

I WONDER what are witches!
Uncle Ned says I am one,
He laughs so when he says it
I think it's meant for fun;
He says they ride the broom-stick,
And they possess the cats,
When they're not at their business
Hunting mice and rats.

It makes them act like torment
In their howling songs at night,
It's often that they wake me,
And give me such a fright,
I want to call to mamma,
To help me go to sleep,
And so I wish the witches
The cats at home would keep.

THE WAKING OF THE FLOWERS

AGAIN the sweet spring time,
So joyous and gay,
Has come with the garlands
Of blossoming May.
The hem of her garments
Are 'broidered with blue,
Of violets cradled
In sunshine and dew.

Her robes of fresh emerald,
Beautifully bright,
Are spangled with blossoms
Of yellow and white;
May-flowers sweet,
And anemones fair,
With trailing arbutus,
She twines in her hair.

Soft mosses, and lichens
Of loveliest shade,
And feathery ferns
Are with flowers arrayed
O'er bright robe and sandal,
While gayly she weaves
Sweet garlands of beauty,
Of young buds and leaves.

PUSSY

PUSSY cannot learn to read,
Pussy cannot spell,
Pussy cannot learn to work
And learn to do it well.

All that Pussy thinks or knows
Is meat and drink and sleep,
Pussy sometimes cries aloud
But pussy cannot weep.

Pussy loves the sunshine warm,
Pussy loves the fire,
Pussy's fur is all the clothes
That Pussy need desire.

Pussy moves with noiseless tread
On softly cushioned feet,
Pussy's teeth and Pussy's claws
Were made to kill and eat.

Pussy does not think it wrong,
For God has made her so,
To catch the naughty rats and mice
And never let them go.

MY OLDEST DOLLIE

THIS is my oldest dollie,
I love her best of all,
Though I have other dollies;
Some big, some very small;
But this I've had the longest,
Years and years—almost a year;
And that is why this dollie
Always seems most dear.

I wonder why she grows so old,
Broken and faded too,
While every time I have a bath
I come out good as new.
Once, when I tried to wash her face,
Her lips and cheeks turned white,
Her curly hair began to fall,
She looked just like a fright.

Then I used Hair Restorer,
Our Joe said it was best
To bring the hair out, and it did—
It brought out all the rest.
Her toes and fingers all are gone,
Her nose is driven in,
She's lost an eye, and sadly bruised
Her forehead and her chin.

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I've had as many bumps as she,
  But they get well all right,
I used to think the fairies came
  To mend me up at night;
But mamma said it's 'cause I live,
  Breathe, eat and sleep and play
That I am healthy, sound and strong;
  So now I'll dance away.

MAMMA'S LITTLE WOMAN

I'M Mamma's little woman,
And Papa's little love,
He sometimes calls me "darling,"
And sometimes calls me "dove."

I help my dearest Mamma,
I sweep and dust and sew,
Make dresses for my dollies,
Work while they sleep and grow.

I scold them when they're naughty,
I teach them manners too,
And often I'm so worried
I don't know what to do.

They're sometimes cross and sleepy,
Then they begin to cry,
I have to stop and rock them
And sing their lullaby.

Children are such a trouble,
I've lived to find it so,
But then I love my dollies,
They knew it long ago.

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS

IF round this great broad earth you sail,
Or you may go part way by rail,
These are some of the salutations
That you will hear from different nations.

English, and Americans too,
Say when meeting, "How do you do?"
Always doing—full of drive,
They are every inch alive.

The French on manners much stress lay,
So with politeness they all say,
"How do you carry yourself?" and bow
Gracefully as I do now.

"How goes it?" is the salutation
Used by Germans as a nation;
No English push nor French-like grace
Marks this sturdy, thrifty race.

When Netherlanders chance to meet,
"How do you sail?" you hear them greet,
Which shows they navigate the seas
And on the waters feel at ease.

"How do you stand?" the Spaniards say,
And it reminds us of the day
When Spain held power and wide control,
And fettered the body as well as the soul.

"Have you eaten your rice to-day?"
In China it always seems to say
If so, you're well, and well supplied,
And ought to be happy and satisfied.

Not only in greeting should we all be
Courteous always, and always see
That our manners are perfect, the best we can show,
At home and abroad, wherever we go.

BEAN BAGS

SEE our bean bags, how they fly,
  Here and there, here and there,
Like the swallows in the sky,
  Everywhere, everywhere;
Now they fly like autumn leaves,
  Round and round,
Catch them quickly lest they fall
  To the ground.

Now they're flying to the North
  Where the snow
Always lies upon the ground,
  See them go!
Back they come again in haste,
  And we know
To the South so warm and bright
  They will go.

To the zenith over head
  Up so high,
Like the eagle see them go
  To the sky!
Now they're coming down again,
  One and all,
Toward the nadir 'neath our feet,
  See them fall!
We will pick them up again.
  March away,
For the game is over now
  For the day.

CHESTNUT BURRS

SOME folks are just like chestnut burrs,
  Nothin' but prickles,
An' some are sour through an' through,
  Like well-made pickles.

Some are coarse an' rough an' cold
  As granite mountains,
An' some are good as music sweet
  Of summer fountains.

Some are like soft tabby cats,
  Most always purrin',
While treachery lies underneath,
  Alive an' stirrin'.

Some are made of only froth,
  Foamin' and fussin',
An' all they undertake to do
  Is only mussin'.

An' some are made of only tongue,
  Always a-waggin',
An' used to other people's hurt,
  Or else in braggin'.

THE TWELVE MONTHS OF THE YEAR

Twelve children, each one to recite a verse and leave the platform.

JANUARY freezing cold,
More of cloud than sun,
We can stand it since we know
It's how the new years come.

February's frost and snow
Tries us sometimes too,
But the month is short at best
And soon is blustered through.

March is raw, with sleet and thaw,
Freezing, sneeze and blow,
Fierce and howling gales of wind
And flurrying storms of snow.

April, fair and fickle too,
Comes with hurrying feet;
Frosts at night so often bite
The buds and blossoms sweet.

Lovely May will have her way,
With her wealth of flowers,
Birds and song the whole day long
Fill all the happy hours.

Royal June, of richest bloom,
Month of roses fair,
Brighten the eyes with glad surprise,
While fragrance fills the air.

July comes in, with heat and din
  Of Independence Day;
Through the grain on hill and plain
  The reaper speeds its way.

August next, though greatly vexed
  With sultry heat and flies,
And thunder showers, with less of flowers,
  To gladden hearts and eyes.

September sweet, with hurrying feet,
  Rich fruit and gayest flowers,
Comes like a queen, calm and serene,
  Gladdening this world of ours.

October's sway is grand and gay,
  Most regal to behold;
Forests and trees sway to the breeze
  In crimson, bronze and gold.

November rude, with sullen mood,
  Casts beauty all aside;
Birds, bees and flowers leave all the bowers
  That were their summer's pride.

December last, with staring blasts
  Of Winter's frosty breath,
Brings Christmas time, whose joy-bells chime
  Near to the old year's death.

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COUNT WELL THE COST

A CAT was walking by a stream
When down she chanced to look
And saw a pretty speckled trout
Swimming in the brook.

"Oh, what a dinner it will make!"
She said, while from her eyes
The fire flashed, and the purring puss
Threw off her soft disguise.

The tiger nature showed itself,
She licked her greedy jaws,
And savage nails worked in and out
On her retractile claws.

She lashed her tail from side to side,
She crouched and gave a spring,
Alas! the water swallowed up
The poor deluded thing.

The moral is: Count well the cost,
Nor leap before you look;
Better live without the fish
Than die within the brook.

SELFISHNESS

SELFISHNESS affects the brain
In some mysterious way;
It dries it up, in spite of all
That books or doctors say;
It shrinks it so it cannot hold
A kind or noble thought,
And soon it gets too weak to think
Of anything it ought.

Selfishness affects the heart
And makes it mean and small,
So much so that it seems no use
To have a heart at all;
It feels no other rights or needs
Except for self alone,
Which makes it seem as hard and cold
And worthless as a stone.

Selfishness affects the eyes
With sight too short to see
Further than self, and caring not
For either you or me,
Or any one, or anything,
Except for selfish ease,
And selfish pleasure, selfish greed,
And only self to please.

JUNE

ROSY June has come at last,
Fairest, sweetest
Of the twelve months of the year,
And the fleetest.

Like a child with apron full
Of buds and posies,
At summer's open gate she stands,
Scattering roses.

From her crowded hand she drops
All the daisies,
Clover blooms and butter-cups,
Winning praises

For her wondrous loveliness
And her sweetness,
Filling all the balmy air
To completeness.

Each step she advances,
There springs 'neath her feet
Such myriads of flowers
So wondrously sweet,
That earth seems an Eden
Too fair and too bright,
To know of decay,
Or of mildew or blight.

OUR BABY

"HOW long is Baby going to stay?"
I said to Mamma the other day;
"She's been here now a week, I know,
Isn't it time that Baby should go?

"That is the way our company do,
Grandma, Auntie and Cousin Sue;
When we ask them they will not stay,
But visit a while, then go away."

Mamma spoke softly and very low,
"God grant our angel may never go!"
Papa laughed loudly when I said,
"Angels are very small and red."

I'm kept from Mamma all the day,
And nurse won't let me have my play,
I have to walk on my tip-toe,
And cannot on my trumpet blow.

Even when hobby horse runs away
And throws me off, as he did to-day,
And Papa don't stop to play with me,
But comes in here the baby to see.

"He worries Mamma," the nurse then said,
And all alone she sent me to bed;
And when I cried she said she could see
A great big giant coming for me;

And he'd come in the dark and take me away,
And no one would care, since Baby would stay;
She'd put her finger up so and point,
And say that my nose was out of joint.

Then softly I crept to Mamma's bed,
And told her what the nurse had said;
You ought to have all been there to see
How much my Mamma thinks of me!

And now it's all right, our Baby can stay;
She has not stolen my Mamma away,
But has come to love us and always be
A dear little darling sister to me.

MRS. DUCK

QUACK, the Duck says,
Quack, quack, quack!
From the brook she's coming back,
She will rest a while and then
She will surely go again.
Slugs and snails she finds to eat,
They are what she has for meat;
She can swim and work as well,
How she does it—can you tell?

"BOYS MAKE MEN"

"BOYS make men," so a little one said,
Which is certainly true if they go straight ahead,
But when they turn off to the side path of sin,
Where laziness, lying and stealing begin,
They still may grow up, but manhood is lost,
And this they will learn to their sorrow and cost;
The world will despise them for what they are then,
Poor worthless creatures who might have been men.

The boys who make men are truthful and true,
Earnest and honest in all that they do,
Ready and willing, and quick to obey
All orders and duties that come in their way;
They're careful and helpful, and earnest to see
What wrongs they can right, and what help they can be—
Such boys the world loves, feeling positive then
That when they grow up they will surely be men.

A HOBBY HORSE

I HAVE a good, smart hobby horse,
A pretty dapple gray,
I ride him till it seems to me
He tries to run away;
But I can ride him just as fast
As hobby horse can go,
Away to town and everywhere,
In spite of rain or snow.

And when I go to Grandma's house
He gallops faster still;
I do not have to use the whip,
Not even up the hill;
We go so fast we cannot stop
Till we're at Grandma's door,
And I call out "Hello!" and give
Her kisses three or four.

She smiles and calls me "little man,"
And such nice words to hear,
And tells me I must "be a good
And precious little dear;"
And I say "Yes," because I mean
To do just what is right;
And then I gallop home again
Before it's dark or night.

GREEDY SAM

GREEDY Sam
Was like a clam,
His mouth was all for eating;
He was very lazy, too,
And very fond of sleeping;
His stupid head
Was long in bed,
And he was cross and surly—
He did not act at all like those
Who're smart and get up early.

A GOOD MORNING

STANDING on the rail fence
Was cock-a-doodle-doo,
Saying in a noisy way:
"Good morning, folks, to you!
Why aren't the children out of bed,
Stirring round alive?
If they must stay shut up like this
They surely cannot thrive.

"I've spoken often in the night,
That all was right with me;
It is a little exercise
That's healthful, don't you see?
I do not get much credit for
My noisy music, it is true,
But still I'll say in cheerful tones
Cock-a-doodle, doodle-doo!"

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MISS RICKETYROCKET

I HAVE in my pocket Miss Ricketyrocket,
The wickedest dolly of all;
She's broken her nose and spoiled all her clothes,
And never will come when I call.

She's broken her arm, it came of the harm
Of being so naughty and bad;
She's stubbed off her toes the same as her nose,
And made me feel troubled and sad.

Her eyes were all right till she got in a fight
With Cretia und Susie and Lou,
But now she looks mean, not fit to be seen—
That makes me feel dreadfully, too.

I've scolded a sight but she never looks right,
No matter how nicely she's dressed;
She's bad through and through—whatever I do
It never turns out for the best.

So Ricketyrocket must go in my pocket,
I'll carry her there out of sight;
While to each and to all, the big and the small,
I bow with a pleasant good-night.

A PLACE FOR THE CHILDREN

PARENTS and teachers, here we come,
Give us room in heart and home;
We are sent—we have no voice
In this matter, and no choice.

We do not know how we shall fare
In this world of toil and care,
Or how long we each shall stay
Ere from earth we pass away.

Do you wonder what we'll be
When grown up? Now let us see
If we can tell, so you will know
How to train us while we grow.

Plant an acorn and you'll see
An oak, and not an apple-tree;
With seed and soil and rain and dew,
Each to its nature will be true.

But children grow as they are bent
To be a tramp or President,
Priest or preacher, dunce or knave,
A noble man or cringing slave.

"An honest man, God's noblest work,"
Stands high above a worthless shirk;
Fiend or saint, small power have we
To tell what each of us may be.

We the clay—the potter's skill
Lies with you, and as you will
You can mould us, day by day;
So it's left for you to say

Whether you will mar or make—
Whether you will bend or break—
All our future life will tell
Whether you wrought ill or well.

THE SPIDER'S LESSON

"UGH! You ugly spider, hid in the grass,
Your net is spread where I must pass,
I'd stamp on it with all my might
If I did not fear your horrid bite."

"Well, little girl, I'm frightened, too,
But hope no harm will come to you;
And there are lessons you can learn
From the lowly life you seem to spurn."

"Learn of an insect? No, indeed!
You cannot write, nor even read;
A sorry teacher you would be—
You never could teach a girl like me."

"I'm not an insect, as you might know,
For on six legs they always go;
I have eight, a crustacean you see,
I belong to the family Arachnidæ.

"I have no beauty, song nor wings,
Yet I may dwell in the palace of kings,
Although I always use my hands,
And weave my web in shining bands.

"O, my web, my beautiful web!
Finer by far than the hair of your head;
It gives me a home, a place to sleep,
And a table spread with choicest meat.

"I can make a swing from the highest trees,
And build a bridge with the greatest ease.
I may not write a letter so fine,
But I never fail to drop a line.

"And what is more, I'm weather-wise,
And ought to be, for I have eight eyes;
Although a storm I do not fear,
I always can tell when it is near.

"If in the morning you chance to pass
And see my web in the dewy grass,
If closely woven and anchored strong
The pleasant weather will tarry long.

"If slackly woven, or not at all,
It shows ere long the rain will fall;
In some things now you surely see
I'm wiser than a girl can be."

"Yes, Mr. Spider, though so small,
You've taught me a lesson after all;
And never again will I despise
What God has made—He's good and wise."

"A BEE IN MY BONNET"

GRANDMAMMA thinks there's a bee in my bonnet;
I've searched it inside, all through and upon it,
But nothing is there to sting or distress;
So this is her meaning, I think, or I guess—
That I'm giddy-headed and fidgety, too;
So I will look after it, now—wouldn't you?
And not be too thoughtless or careless to see
What conduct or actions are proper for me.

BLUE BIRD

BLUE bird pretty,
Blue bird bright,
Singing sweet from morn till night,
Telling us that winter snow
And winter winds will have to go
And hide away from summer time
In a colder, bleaker clime,
Till November's frosty breath
Freezes all the flowers to death.

OUR CAT

BETTY BRIGHT
Was in a fight—
She was our cat, you know;
She died, she did,
And she was hid
Under the snow.

When it was said
That she was dead
Old Towser didn't care;
He hated cats
And hated rats,
And warned them to beware.

ARBOR DAY

'TIS Arbor Day! 'Tis Arbor Day!
We leave our school, but not for play,
And not to seek our selfish ease,
Nor do as each of us may please.

Where'er we go we always see
Others have worked, and why not we?
They've cleared the land and roads have made,
And planted trees for fruit and shade.

And now we come to do our part
With willing hand and cheerful heart;
By planting trees, we too will try
The earth to bless and beautify.

Of trees for fruit and pleasant shade
Now let the choice be quickly made;
We've made our choice—we all agree
To plant for shade a maple tree.
'Tis quick of growth and straight of form,
And does not yield to blight or storm.
Its wealth of scarlet bloom 'twill bring
To greet the opening of the spring;
Its gorgeous leaves in autumn hours
Will be as brilliant as the flowers.

And we will plant an elm, of course;
We might go further and do worse.
Its pendent branches, slender leaves,
Are swayed by every passing breeze.

We now another choice have made,
A tree for fruit as well as shade—
The chestnut. 'Tis a stately tree,
And it may last a century.

Another choice is ours, at length,
A tree for shade as well as strength.
The monarch oak, the forest's pride,
Will spread its branches far and wide;
It fears no storms or tempest's wrath,
It bids defiance to the blast;
Many great ships that sail the seas
Are made of oaks once small as these.

The willow tree is now our choice,
There is not one dissenting voice;
Aught as beautiful as this
We'd be very loth to miss;
The first to show its tender green
When the least hint of spring is seen,
The last to yield to autumn's sway
Its slender leaves to swift decay.

The mountain ash is not surpassed
For beauty that is sure to last;
This we must plant, its berries bright
Are such a cheering, gladdening sight;
When flowers are scarce they still are there,
Without incessant, watchful care;
In clusters gay they fear no ill,
In spite of storms they flourish still.

MY PET NAMES

I'M Mamma's darling, five years old,
She says I'm "worth my weight in gold;"
My Papa says his little pet
"Will make a noble woman yet."
Grandma often thinks I'm wild,
Yet always calls me "precious child;"
But Brother calls me "bitter-sweet,"
Not worth the bread and salt I eat;
Sister calls me "little midget,"
'Cause I'm in a dreadful fidget;
Auntie often says she fears
"This little pitcher has big ears;"
Uncle John and Cousin Ned
Always call me "rattle-head;"
Since I've told my pet names, now
I'll try to make a graceful bow.

THE SNAIL AND THE ANT

A SNAIL saw an ant running forward and back.
"What's the matter," said he; "have you lost your track?"
"I'm trying to find it, so I can get home;
I did not intend so far to roam."
"Get home!" said the snail; "I'm thinking instead
You must be getting clear out of your head."
"O no!" cried the ant, "my head is quite straight,
But I'm in a hurry, it's getting so late;
Home, home, sweet home! I never have found
A place half so sweet as my home underground."

"If you love it so well, why don't you stay?
I love mine too well to wander away,
I always keep house, and my house keeps me,
I would not exchange with an ant or a bee;
When night comes on, I pull in each eye,
My horns and my head, and snugly I lie
Safe in my house with my feet for a door;
I have but one foot, I could not use more."
"It is strange," said the ant, "it may be all right,
But I must go now, and bid you good night,
And early to-morrow this way I will take,
And rap on your door and bid you awake."

PUSSY'S LETTER

DEAR children, here is a picture of me,
My royal name is Felidæ,
A royal family; I always said
That cats should stand at the very head.

Leo thinks—(he's my cousin, you see,)
That he is very much better than we;
The fact that he is the kingliest beast
Makes him count us among the least.

Leopardus with his spots so fine,
And Tigris both are cousins of mine,
Puma and Chetah, and many more,
I think at least there are half a score.

They are all larger and stronger than we,
Yet in many points we all agree:
Agile and lithe, we spring on our prey,
And we all are treacherous, people say.

Our teeth are sharp, and our savage claws
Are closely sheathed in velvet paws,
We like to sleep when the sun is bright
And do our hunting in the night.

Unlike the rest, I am well content
To eat the crumbs from the table sent,
The bits of bread, and the scraps of meat,
And many things quite nice to eat.

And now or then a rat or mouse
That I can find about the house
Come good to feed my kittens too,
And that is work I like to do.

I hear them now, so drop my pen
Hoping to write to you again,
But I must run to save a fuss.
Yours truly, Felix Domesticus.

THE FIVE GREAT NEEDS OF LIFE

WE all have learned of life's great needs,
And very well we know
Unless these needs are fully met
We cannot live and grow.

First.

The first is breathing—God alone
Can give us life and breath,
And if the air should be withheld
We all would sink in death.
So our first study is to see
That pure air is supplied
To us wherever we may go,
Wherever we abide.

Second.

The next great need of life is food;
And so we all are led
To clasp our hands, look up and pray
Give us our daily bread!

Third.

The third great need of life is drink;
For this, the water's given,
Pure and sparkling from the spring,
The brook, and clouds of heaven.

Fourth.

The next great need is exercise;
So we must work and play,
Put energy in all we do,
And do it every day.

Fifth.

The last great need of life is sleep;
Body and mind must rest,
For this, to lie straight on the bed
Is always deemed the best.

So when the day ends, and its needs,
And evening's shadows creep,
We're taught to pray that God will keep
Us safely while we sleep.

THE RIGHT THING TO DO

THE right thing to do
We are learning each day,
How to act, how to work,
And just what to say;
How to read, how to write,
And be good and polite,
And to keep out of mischief
And out of a fight,
And shun many evils
That look bad and mean,
And to do nothing wrong
Even when we're not seen;
These are the steps to manhood and right—
There are many more, but I'll bid you good-night.

THE RAIN STORM

LISTEN! listen! Hear the rain
Coming over hill and plain!
Now it strikes the forest wide,
Rushing like a mighty tide.

See the tall trees bow and sway,
Toss their branches every way—
Forward, backward, up and down,
Then they circle round and round.

Nearer, nearer comes the rain,
Bending low the fields of grain,
Patting daisies on the cheek,
While they play at hide and seek.

Now the rain is here at last,
Drops are falling thick and fast;
See the tossing of the vines!
Hear the slamming of the blinds!

Listen! listen! 'Tis the rain
Tapping on the window pane—
Tapping loud and tapping low—
See the raindrops come and go!

Patter, patter on the roof,
Hear each tiny little hoof!
From the ridge-pole, either way,
How they scamper in their play!

Down the eaves and in a twinkle,
Hear their merry tinkle, tinkle!
Oh, to us 'tis very plain
There is music in the rain!

A LITTLE MOUSE

A PRETTY little black-eyed mouse
Came to live at our house;
It ate the cake and nibbled the cheese,
Did all such naughty things as these,
Until our great big pussy cat
Soon put a stop to all of that.

THE STORY OF THE BREAD

The Woodman.

I AM a woodman. With my axe
I lay the tall trees low,
Where they are standing thick to-day
Next year the grain will grow;
The birds that here have built their nests,
The quail and partridge shy,
Must, like the squirrel, find a home
In forest land near by.

The Farmer.

I am a farmer. I plow and sow,
And harrow well the field;
The ground so new and rich, I'm sure,
Full sixty-fold will yield.
With joy I'll reap the hill and plain,
And bind and stack the sheaves,
Then to the mill I'll take my grain
When fall the autumn leaves.

The Miller.

I am a miller. All day long
I'll take the corn and wheat and rye,
I'll grind them into flour and meal,
And keep one-tenth for pay.

The dimpling brook with gurgling song
  Will turn the wheel for me,
With drip and splash and froth and foam
  To show its merry glee.

The Baker.

  I am a baker. I will take
The fresh, sweet flour and foaming yeast,
Add water and a little salt,
  Knead, make in loaves and bake;
Then from the oven, crisp and brown,
  And fragrant every one,
I'll place them on the shelf to cool,
  And then my work is done.

Woodman and farmer brave and strong,
  Miller and baker too,
For all your useful services
  Our hearty thanks are due.
But hold! Here come the people, all
  In need of flour or bread,
For by your labor great and small
  Must every day be fed.

From mother earth much labor brings
  Vast stores of needful good,
So let us ever bear in mind
  Whence comes our daily food,

B·McM·

Blessed, as it must be, by the Hand
That fashioned this great earth,
And gave the sunshine, rain and dew
Their wondrous power and worth.

Without them famine, gaunt and grim,
Would stalk through all the land,
And cheeks grow pale and eyes grow dim,
With death on every hand;
So let us all give daily thanks
For God's great love and care,
For human skill and heavenly aid
Bless Him in praise and prayer.

TOM

HELLO! There's Tom! He's a comical dog,
Sitting down there like a toad on a log,
Thinking and blinking, as toads always do,
But never of evil—he's honest clear through;
Not an apple nor marble nor even a string
Will he take, so he's splendid to carry and bring
Whatever he's sent for, little or much—
There's never a look, a taste or a touch.

Tom is a hunter of very small game—
Bugs, crickets and grasshoppers — making them tame;
Frogs, toads and turtles, and pollywogs too,
He knows where they live, and just what they all do.
The birds and their nests, the beautiful things,
He loves their glad songs and the whirr of their wings;
He never disturbs them, he likes them too well;
All this, and much more, I could truthfully tell.

Homely? Well, yes, but that is not bad,
He's the boy that will make a mother's heart glad;
He digs into lessons, and works just the same;
And when it is play, he's the boy for a game—

No cheating in him, he is square through and
through;
When favors are asked, he is ready to do
Whatever is needed, wasting no time
To grumble or growl, or put in a whine.

Come up here, old fellow! Stand close by my side,
I've nuts in my pocket and cakes to divide;
Like chickens we've picked from the same things
before,
And given to others from out our small store;
No bragging in this, all know it so well
We never need have it to preach or to tell.
We will go and hunt lively for lame little Dick,
Scamper now, Tom. Away, and be quick!

GOOD LUCK

GOOD luck never comes
Where idleness waits,
That is a thing
It honestly hates;
Horseshoes won't bring it,
Nor charms make it stay,
When time is all spent
In folly and play.

Be frugal and diligent
If you would thrive,
Learn of the ant
And the bees of the hive;
Work while the day lasts,
Work with your might,
Moments are precious,
So use them aright.

Leave not till to-morrow
The work of to-day,
Sorrow and loss
Oft come of delay;
"Gather the fragments,"
The Father has said,
Heed his command
And have plenty of bread.

Let nothing be lost,
  But gather up all,
Then open your heart
  To humanity's call;
Heed the good proverbs
  With diligent care,
To save you from want
  And from many a snare.

A LITTLE PICKANINNY

I'SE a little pickaninny,
  An' if I'se nuffin much,
Dars some One way up yonder
  Dats allers cares for such,
De same as fur white chilluns,
  An' so I'se goin' ter be
So good dat He kin lub me—
  Ask Mammy an' you'll see.

"TAKE A 'POON, PIGGIE!"

LITTLE Seymour, one bright spring morn,
Went with the men folks planting corn,
With his hands he deftly worked the mold
And covered the kernels bright as gold.

No thought of cutworms, crows or weeds
Marred his hopes of the planted seeds,
He was sure that a crop would grow
Of popcorn, white as the winter's snow.

Weary at last, he ran to see
A squirrel climb up a chestnut tree;
He chased a mole with his bead-like eyes
That sank in the ground, to his great surprise.

He heard the oriole and the bees
'Mid the tinted bloom of the apple-trees;
Of the fallen petals he tasted and felt
To see if like snow they would quickly melt.

By the brook he gathered the violets blue
And set them afloat in his little shoe,
His stocking a sail, a stick for a mast,
Quickly it slid from his tiny grasp.

Then a mother hen came down to drink,
When all at once he chanced to think
Chickens as well as ducks could swim,
So he caught up one and threw it in.

The chicken screamed, the hen showed fight,
He ran for home with all his might;
Bonnetless, shoeless, tattered and wet,
The mother received her darling pet.

He left her with face and hands so sweet,
And now they were black as a turkey's feet;
While she washed them she prayed that they
Might never know deeper stains than clay.

When dressed anew from foot to head,
She gave him a lunch of milk and bread;
In the shade he sat enjoying his meal
When a pig came up with a grunt and squeal.

Rudely he thrust in the dish his head,
"Take a 'poon, piggie," the little one said,
He held out the spoon, quite willing to share
In a mannerly way, but pig did not care

For manners or morals, for wrong or right,
He knew no law but the law of might;
Thrusting aside the child and the spoon,
Head and foot in the dish, he emptied it soon.

In the years since Seymour was chased by the hen
He has learned that with pigs as well as with men
'Tis better to claim one's lawful right
Than weakly to yield to lawless might.

PUSSY CAT

PUSSY cat is plump and fat,
She loves to play and run,
She can jump and she can climb
And have a sight of fun;
Her pretty paws have cruel claws,
Her teeth are sharp and white,
And when she catches mice and rats
She knows just how to bite.

HOW DO YOU DO?

"HOW do you do?" I do as I'm taught,
And mind my business as I ought;
I braid my hair, just as you see,
And make it nice as it can be;
I wash the dishes, sweep the floor,
And keep it neat around the door;
Do other things that I might tell,
And Mamma says I do them well.

JOSIE AND I

JOSIE and I, whatever befall,
Agree to be patient and laugh through it all;
It always is better to laugh than to cry,
We think so, we do—Josie and I;
Joe laughs and I laugh, then we both laugh together,
For a laugh, like a rainbow, foretells pleasant weather.

If we stoop for our ball and our heads crash together,
And we see many stars, and do not know whether
To laugh or to cry, to strike or to kiss,
We wipe off the tears and always do this:
Joe laughs and I laugh, and we both laugh together,
For a laugh, like a rainbow, foretells pleasant weather.

If, when something we want, dear father says, "No,"
Or, "Boys, ask your mother," and we get her veto,
We do not look sullen, nor think we're abused,
Or have a hard time because they refuse;
Joe laughs and I laugh, and we both laugh together,
For a laugh, like a rainbow, foretells pleasant weather.

If we plan an excursion or a play out of doors,
And wake in the morning and find the rain pours,
We don't mope around and grumble and fret,
But the cause of discomfort we quickly forget;
Joe laughs and I laugh, and we both laugh together,
For a laugh, like a rainbow, foretells pleasant weather.

If you who have listened have had a good time,
And were charmed with our reason and pleased with our rhyme,
Come join in our laugh, let the chorus swell high,
With our hands on our sides, let us laugh till we cry—
You laugh, and we laugh—once more, all together,
I think after this we shall have pleasant weather.

B·McM·

FLOWERS

FLOWERS—oh, the flowers!
That bloom 'neath genial skies,
Their fragrance on the balmy air
Like grateful incense rise,
Lavishing their sweetness
O'er this broad earth of ours;
How drear and cheerless it would seem
If God withheld the flowers.

Wondrously beautiful are they,
Fresh from His loving hand,
Blooming in fields and forests
In every clime and land;
A lavish feast of beauty
By loving kindness sowed
O'er hill-top, mountain, vale and dell,
And by the dusty road.

They lift their bright, sweet faces
To us and to the skies,
As if to smile a greeting
With their lovely, starry eyes,
And nod their heads so gracefully
As soft winds o'er them sigh,
While tossing fragrant kisses
To every passer-by.

What wondrous skill is there displayed
In varied form and shade,
So fair and richly painted,
In rare perfection made,
To ornament and beautify
This sorrowing world of ours,
And show the workmanship and care
Of God, who made the flowers.

Reminders of lost Paradise,
Like love and music sweet,
Without them earth would be most drear
And heaven seem incomplete;
We feast upon their loveliness,
So frail and fair to see,
And read the lesson that they teach
Of our mortality.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES"

CONSIDER the lilies, how they grow,
He who made them alone can know
By what alchemic art they take
The ooze and slime, and beauty make—
Beauty and fragrance—sweet and fair,
But with no thought of toil or care;
From web of earth and woof of light
They weave their robes of gold and white.

And so may we from grief and gloom
Weave heart-robes white as lilies' bloom,
From toil and strife and earthly ill
Life's chalice with rich fragrance fill,
Each stony pillow and trial given
May be a stepping-stone to heaven—
A ladder by which we mount to God
May rest upon earth's lowly sod.

Since the magic power of prayer can span
The space 'twixt God and helpless man,
No cause have we for craven fear,
His unseen hosts are ever near;
The flowers, the grass, the birds of air
Teach us the lesson of His care,
For if He meets their lowly need,
Will He not then His children feed?

HIGHLAND LADDIE

(Highland costumes, and a pleasing air of self-respect.)

I AM here, that is clear,
Highland laddie strong,
Did ye think o' heather hills
When I came along?
Did ye hear the bag-piper play
Songs of Burns and Scott?
Did ye think of oaten cakes,
Good and piping hot?

Scotland's air and simple fare
Make the laddies grow
Strong to bear the storm and cold
And the winter snow.
Do you see my shepherd's crook?
David, who was king,
Had one when he watched the sheep
And learned to use the sling.

When the sheep are fast asleep,
In the fold at rest,
Then the oat-cakes and the milk
Always taste the best.
Water bright, as the light,
Is the drink I love,
Given by the tender hand
Of the God above.

Do you know how fast I grow?
I soon will be a man,
I must hurry and must learn
All the good I can:
I dinna care how bright and fair
The path of wrong may be,
Right is right, and that is what
The world expects of me.

MY OWN PROPERTY

HIPPITY-HOP—I have a new top,
I spin it, and caper and play,
Now here and now there,
Though I have a care
To try to keep out of the way.

I've a kite and a ball, but that isn't all,
A pocket of marbles and things,
Nails, buttons and bones,
And pebbles and stones,
A whistle and plenty of strings.

I'm glad I can tell I have money as well,
A nickel, three cents and a dime,
All safe as can be,
I earned it, you see,
And so I shall spend it in time.

I'll have a good care that Mamma shall share
In what I am going to buy,
And Lilly and Lou,
I'll think of them too,
And not spend it all on big I.

THE BEAUTIFUL DAISIES

(For a class of little children, with wreaths and sashes of paper daisies, if natural daisies are not accessible.)

WE are the daisies, pure and fair,
That bloom in the summer everywhere,
In the meadow, on the hill,
In the valley, down by the rill;
Always where the sun shines bright
The daisies gleam in gold and white.

When the gentle breezes blow
They rock the daisies to and fro,
Sleepily, dreamily, see them sway
Hither and thither, every way!
To drone of bees a rhythm they keep,
Until they both are rocked to sleep.

When the pattering raindrops fall,
They nod their heads like this, then all
Toss the spray from their fringe of white,
Lift their faces fair and bright,
Saying, "The sun will shine again,
And we'll be better for the rain."

Sometimes fearful tempests blow
And hurl the rocks to the vale below,
The lightning shivers the giant oak,
But the daisies bend beneath the stroke—
Bent, not broken by the blast,
They calmly wait till the storm is past.

When winter comes with frost and snow
Down in the earth the daisies go,
    Making no moan or wild lament,
    Calmly taking whatever is sent,
Sleep in the earth till the robins sing,
Then wake to welcome the coming spring.

Only make-believe daisies are we,
Yet like the daisies we would be
    Always pure and clean and bright,
    Always looking to the light,
For God who clothes the flowers so fair
Will for His own dear children care.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO

COCK-A-DOODLE, doodle-doo,
    Is what the rooster says to you,
Upon a pole he goes to bed,
Under his wing he tucks his head
And sleeps a little while, and then
He crows and crows and crows again.

OUR HANDS

(Little hands are lifted and arched over the head.)

SEE our hands, we stretch them high,
Hold them like the arching sky;
Wonderful hands are these of ours,
Who can tell their hidden powers?

Who can tell the good they'll do
If hearts beneath are pure and true,
Trained with patient care and skill
To do the good the heart way will?

These fingers made of joints and bone,
Flesh, skin and nails are all our own;
We can move them as we please—
Open and shut with perfect ease.

There are no fairies now-a-day
To help us in our work or play;
We will not wait or wish for them,
Fairy servants we have ten.

Rich and poor all have the same,
The best of service each can claim;
With all our fingers trained with care
For life's duties we prepare.

Then whate'er they find to do
They will be trusty, faithful, true;
And when the work is just and right
The hands will do it with their might.

We will begin this very day
And skill them by our work and play
In honest service, though it's small,
Kind to each other and to all.

CHILD'S TIME-TABLE

TICK, tick, tock,
Hear the busy clock!
Shall I tell you what it's saying
While I'm working, while I'm playing?

Tick, tock, tick,
The seconds fly so quick!
You may count them, now begin it—
Sixty seconds make a minute.

Tick, tock, tick,
Hurry, hurry, quick!
If an hour you would make
Sixty seconds you must take.

Tick, tock, tick,
The hours they pass so quick!
We know and always say
Twenty-four hours make a day.

Tick, tock, tick,
The days are done so quick!
Our Maker's plan was best—
Six days for work and one for rest.

Tick, tock, tick,
The weeks glide by so quick!
Four weeks a lunar month will make,
Fifty-two a year will take.

Tick, tock, tick,
Time goes by so quick!
We should learn and ever try
To grow wiser by and by.

B·McM·

A LIVE DOLLIE

OUR teacher asked us all to bring
Something to give the poor,
I've brought my dollies every one,
I shall not want them more.

We have a baby at our house,
A real live doll—'tis so!
She softly breathes, and sleeps and eats,
And Mamma says she'll grow.

She's like the sunshine, soft and warm,
My dolls are hard and cold;
Her eyes are blue, just like the skies,
Her hair—it looks like gold.

She came from heaven I heard them say,
I know it must be true,
She's made us happier in our home
And glad clear through and through.

I think our home is nearest heaven,
For she came right from there,
Where hearts and hands were open wide
To give her love and care.

She has forgotten how to talk,
  Can't even tell her name,
We call her Baby darling now—
  She likes it all the same.

I think she's homesick when she cries,
  So I try in every way
To help her get acquainted, then
  I know she'll want to stay.

And now I'll leave my dolls for those
  Who never yet have known
How nice a thing it is to have
  A baby in the home.

"POORHOUSE JIM"

DEY say dat I am "Poorhouse Jim,"
But I don't fink it's right,
'Cause Mammy's ole, an' we is poor,
An' times is dark as night;
I ain't big 'nough ter make
De wages what will bring
Nice house, good home, nice clothes an' all,
In fac', nice eberyting.

Folks all kin see my clothes is ole,
De cabin poor enough,
Mammy an' me, we feels it's hard,
An' fin's de way is rough;
We nebber steals, we does not lie,
We tries ter do jes' right,
But somehow dar is times wid us
Dat seems as dark as night.

Daddy took sick, an' den he died,
Tings nebber was de same,
An' we grow'd poorer all de time,
An' now I has dat name,
An' in my froat dar comes a lump
Jes' when I want ter cry,
But Mammy says I mus' be brave,
An' so I's goin' ter try

More dan dat, I's boun' ter do,
I's growin' ebery day,
If work will bring no better times,
Dis chile will fin' de way;
Mammy shall hab a nice silk gown,
Nice house an' all, an' I
Will hab sich clothes that I won't feel
I eber want ter cry.

Den folks won't call me "Poorhouse Jim,"
Nor nuffin dat is mean,
Ter make me feel I want ter die
An' nebber more be seen;
Dey'll see dat I is smart an' good,
Jes' as I means ter be,
An' den de worl' will be all right
For Mammy an' for me.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

SING song,
Come along,
We'll have a little fun;
Blind man's buff
Is not too rough
To give us chance to run,
And chase each other round about,
With eager hands stretched wildly out,
To catch us here,
Or catch us there;
It makes us shout and laugh with glee,
It's such a funny sight to see.

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